

The Emporia News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1899.

A Rift in the Clouds.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirit.

"A smiling wife and a cheering home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows, and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was an invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, or the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twin sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers' pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them in the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long deep breath, as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by a table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine," How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again on the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable. For pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy; and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice toward his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hand could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence: "A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a little longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cool rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, and taking hold on the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness—

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it said more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was a light in it, and light in her eyes. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting.

"What a question, Mary?" he repeated as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question?"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until the doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face.

"With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.—*T. S. Arthur, in Home Magazine.*

Honor your Business.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work, or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it, by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comfort in work. Or they change their business, and go on miserably shifting from one thing to another, till the grave or the poor house give them a fast grip.

But while, occasionally, a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times of ten that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is not a profession in the world that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwearying duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding them only gives them strength.

On the other hand, a man has a power given him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations. For God has given us imagination not alone to make some men poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart harvest will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop an honest pride.

We met, not long since, a fine specimen of just the thing we mean.

He began life a blacksmith. "I never wanted to be anything else than a mechanic," said he. He determined to make himself respectable and honorable, not in spite of his business, but by means of it. He entered with heart and soul and ambition into it. Little by little improved it. Selecting a single line of articles, he began manufacturing them. "When I first entered the market," said he, "I found every body trying to sell cheaper than his neighbor, and so making poorer and poorer articles, and running down the trade. I determined that I would not undersell, but excel."

In this spirit he entered heartily into his work, was proud of it, nursed and nourished it, and now he is, in his own department, almost without a competitor in the market. He has gathered riches, which he employs benevolently, and is respected and honored by all his townsmen. The good which this honest mechanic has done will not stop with himself. He will have made his business honorable to others. A man can impart to a business a flavor of honor by his own conduct, which shall make it thereafter more creditable to any one who enters it. Franklin left upon the printing office an impress which has benefited the profession of printers ever since. Blacksmiths love to speak of the yet unannounced name of St. Elihu Burritt.

Mr. Dowse, by tanning and currying, amassed a fortune, and bequeathed it and its literary products to the public in Boston and Cambridge; and we venture to say, that hereafter that business will be easier and more encouraging to every lad that is bound apprentice to the nasty trade. Once let a man convert his business into an instrument of honor, benevolence and patriotism, and from that moment it is transfigured, and men judge its dignity and merit not by what it externally is, but by what it has done and can do. It is better to stick to your business, and by patient industry and honorable enterprise crown it with honor, than to run away from it, and seek prosperity ready-made to your hand. It is not what a man finds that does him good, but what he does.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

BEAUTIFUL.—The following lines are from the pen of George D. Prentice:

"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars that hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne are placed above the reach of our limited facilities, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in almighty torrents upon the human heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the stars will be sent out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever."

From the Memphis Appeal.

The Unpleasant Memories of a Poor Lawyer.

Some vagabond writer once in a jest remarked, "It was no disgrace to be poor," and people have since been foolish enough to believe that the remark contained the very essence of truth; yet the wisdom of this age has discovered that real respectability is not a creature of the mind, dwells not in the head nor heart, but is actually dug out of the ground in the arid regions of California—that "Mind is not the stature of the man," but that the pocket is.

Having received the foregoing valuable information from the gratuitous advice given me by a rich and highly respectable friend, in lieu of a trifling pecuniary loan, I sought to obtain of him, I launched my bark upon the stream of life, and I commenced fishing for respectability, that could be measured decimally.

I imitated the example of aspiring men and started West, having heard it truthfully said that Indiana and Arkansas were the only States in the Union that did not contain dishonest men.

Through the agency of steamboats, and captains and clerks, who are always notorious for their generosity and politeness, from the fact of their dead-heading a certain class of literary gentlemen, I slowly drew near to the West and old age.

Having arrived—not quite at old age—but far enough West to lose sight of shell oysters and large cities, I went ashore one evening with my traveling companion, Mr. Muggins, Jr., who was seeking a new locality that contained room for his expanding intellect, and where there were no first travelers of prohibitory liquor laws.

Muggins paid a Japan colored individual a dime, and received in exchange the gratifying intelligence that we were actually "out West," in the infamous town of N—

We stopped at a hotel, first class, of course, where we found ample accommodations, Muggins occupying a bed with a professional gentleman, who, though not the inventor, was the expounder of "Mason's best blacking," and I had the honor of sleeping on a cot bedstead with a noble fellow from New Foundland. I had no baggage, and was kindly invited to pay in advance. Muggins had baggage—a venerable looking carpet-sack which a gentleman of African persuasion took in custody, and soon ascertained that it contained one dirty shirt and some valuable bricks and old newspapers. Landlord remarked that Muggins must have been raised in those parts, as he knew their customs. Landlord was highly pleased with Mr., and treated him to some "brandy straight." Said there was a statute against using water as a beverage.—The water was needed for navigation, and the only water drank in those parts was smuggled through from Cincinnati, and labeled "Ohio Whisky."

Muggins afterwards remarked that he never saw the liquor law enforced with so little trouble before.

We took a stroll up town, and found that all the citizens had collected in front of the grocery to see us. I felt annoyed, but Muggins explained that they had assembled there the day before, to see a dog fight, and were too tired to go home.

Muggins soon began to complain of a peculiar sensation—said he felt like stealing something, and thought it must result from a change of climate. We afterwards learned it was a local malady.

Muggins saw a suit of clothes hanging in front of a clothing store and claimed them by right of discovery, and thereupon took possession. In a few moments he received a pressing invitation to accompany a gentleman on a visit to his Honor, the Mayor; Muggins through politeness accepted.

Found his Honor on the bench dealing faro, and the lawyers and court officers betting at the bank. The court stopped the deal to enquire if Muggins wanted a "stack of chips," when he was informed that Muggins had gone into the clothing trade without capital. On learning that it was his first effort in the manly art, the court said he would be obliged to fine him the liquor for the crowd. Happy Muggins! After this he became a great favorite with the citizens, and soon stole a horse, and was elected to the legislature; and the last I ever heard of him was that he had been scientifically dissected with a bowie-knife for interfering in a dog fight.

As to your servant, he found the road to wealth and respectability difficult to travel. He found himself at a bar where Hoyle was considered better authority than Blackstone, and where a good law library consisted of a book-case well filled with mysterious looking bottles and pasteboard; however, he gradually fell into the customs of the country. He converted his body into a walking arsenal for small arms; had a lot of blank challenges printed and stuck into his pocket ready for use; commenced getting drunk regularly every day at three o'clock, and was considered a good citizen.

My first case before a justice of the peace was the Preple rex, rel. vs. Jones. It was an action in the nature of a *quo warranto*, to inquire by what authority Jones claimed the stakes at a certain horse-race.

The trial came off at Smith's grocery, and the facts detailed were as follows:

Jones bet a little Frenchman an "X" that he (Jones) could run the distance of one-half a mile in quicker time than the Frenchman's horse, Jones to select the ground to be run over. The Frenchman took the bet; Jones selected a swamp, where the horse mired. Jones made the distance and claimed the money, which the judges refused to give up, saying it was a joke, for which the Frenchman ought to "stand treat," but have his money back.

As luck would have it, the court got drunk earlier than usual that day, and by the time the case was called, his notion of law and justice were truly sublime.

I defended for Jones and demanded a jury trial.

The court issued a *venire* for twelve jurors which was returned in about two hours by the constable, stating that he had run down six and tied their legs, and his deputy was bringing them to court on a dray, but that the other six named in the *venire* were too drunk to come. I then filed a demurrer to the plaintiff's complaint, stating that it set forth no cause for action, and invented some law to fit argument, which was denied being good authority by the red headed lawyer, for the plaintiff, who offered to bet ten dollars that he was correct. My client covered the ten dollars and went one hundred better on my knowledge of the law, which the red-headed lawyer could not cover, but claimed a "sight" for his money,

but the court ruled that a man must "pay for a sight," and if the plaintiff could not cover the money in the hands of the court, the demurrer would be sustained; whereupon the case was dismissed, and an order entered that Jones recover the stakes at the race.

Capture of Schamyl.

For long years Schamyl has been known as the great leader of the Circassians in their contest with the Russians. The history of no man has been more veiled in mystery than that of the renowned Imam. His exploits partake so much of the marvellous that his very individuality has been questioned. This doubt, however, has been set at rest by the capture of the Circassian Chief, of which the following account appears in the English papers:

Lieut. Col. Grabbe, who has just returned from the Caucasus, has brought details of the capture of Schamyl. After a series of defeats, Schamyl, finding no other means of safety, was obliged to shut himself up in the fortified village of Gonnib, with 400 Murides who remained faithful to him.

This place was considered by the Russians as completely impregnable, and so strong that a single company of well trained soldiers might have defended it for months against a whole army. The only approach to it was a steep path, so narrow that only two men could walk abreast.

In presence of these difficulties, Prince Barinskii determined to make the attack by means of having the surrounding rocks scaled, and several hundred men volunteered for this desperate service.

The assault took place on the 7th of October. While one column advanced by the narrow path above mentioned, which the Murides had prepared to defend to the last extremity, the volunteers bravely scaled the rocks on the opposite side of the fort, and in spite of all the difficulties which impeded their ascent, suddenly appeared in the rear of the small band, and a desperate struggle took place. The Murides saw that retreat was impossible, and fought with fury. Out of the 400 men forming the garrison, only 45 remained alive, and five pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the Russians.

As to Schamyl, he had shut himself up in one of the houses cut in the rock. All the ground before it was covered with dead bodies; the Russians had 100 men killed. Barinskii soon after arrived, and gave orders for the firing to cease. He then summoned Schamyl to surrender.

The Imam showing himself at an opening cut in the wall of the house, asked what condition would be given him.

"Surrender unconditional," replied the Prince, and he came forward, the officers round the General advising him to be on his guard, and not expose himself to the danger of being a victim to the treachery of Schamyl.

When the chief advanced, the Prince said, "Are you Schamyl?"

"Yes," replied the Imam.

"Well, then," said the Prince, "your life shall be saved; you shall keep your riches and your wives. I shall send you to-morrow to St. Petersburg, for it is on the Emperor that your fate will depend."

Schamyl bowed his head without speaking a word.

The Prince added, "I have long expected you at Tiflis, where I had hoped you would have come of your own accord to make your submission; but you have compelled me to come and fetch you."

Such has been the denouement of the sanguinary drama which has been so long going on.

Colonel E. D. Baker, of California, who delivered a most eloquent and touching address at the funeral of Mr. Broderick, is thus mentioned by the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press:

"Don't you remember Colonel Edward D. Baker, of Illinois, the eloquent orator of Broderick? He was an opposition candidate (when Colonel Forney was the Democratic candidate for clerk and defeated) in 1849-50. Colonel Baker was born in England, and settled in Illinois, from which State, after being naturalized, he was elected to Congress. He fought with great gallantry in the Mexican war, and afterwards represented the district which had been previously, and subsequently represented by the late distinguished Thomas L. Harris. While he was a member of the House, his martial spirit and manly eloquence made such an impression, that the ladies, sojourning at the National Hotel held a spontaneous meeting, and presented him with a beautiful sword. I remember very well that he received it from the hands of the accomplished Mrs. George Pitt, of Philadelphia. He is a man of the noblest impulses, and although a member of the Republican party, his disinterested support of McKibbin in the late canvass, and his resolute adherence to the gallant Broderick, will never be forgotten. Of all his public speeches, however, none approaches in commanding nervous rhetoric, and heartfelt sympathy, that pronounced over the grave of Broderick."

RAISE FRUIT AND EAT IT.—This is a fruit country. Nearly all farmers may raise their own fruit. Strawberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries grow or will grow almost everywhere. They can be canned and so preserved the whole year. Apples, pears, peaches, cherries, can be raised on most farms. There is no good reason why fruit should not be as plenty as corn or wheat.

This is a bilious country—that is, the people who live here are especially liable to bilious diseases. There is, perhaps, no other preventative of bilious diseases than the constant use of fruit as a part of the diet. It corrects the acids and juices of the stomach and assists digestion. It keeps the bowels properly active, prevents that sluggishness and torpidity, which promote bilious derangements. Fruit to do its best office in the diet, should be cooked and eaten as a part of the regular meal. Thus used, how delicious is it? How it adds to the pleasure of a meal to have it enriched with so delicate and agreeable an article of diet! And how chaste and elevating is the tendency of such a diet, compared with one of solid meat and bread. So it is. The best diet is really the pleasantest. Therefore let fruit grow on all our farms, and adorn and make pleasant all our tables.

Brother Aminadab, a stiff Quaker, on receiving from a "worldly man" a blow on his face, turned the other cheek, to which a similar salute was applied. "Friend," said Aminadab, "scripture injunction being now satisfied, I will proceed to administer to thee a little wholesome correction."

The following are the closing remarks in the eloquent oration delivered by Col. E. D. Baker, over the remains of Broderick:

And now, as the shadows turn toward the East, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting place, let us not seek to repress the generous pride which prompts a recital of noble deeds and manly virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began his career without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest and faithful, earnest, sincere, generous and brave; he felt in all the great crisis of his life, that he was a leader in the ranks, and for the rights of masses, of men, and he could not falter. When he returned from the fatal field, while the dark wing of the Archangel of death was casting its shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was to the patronage of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them.

"Baker," said he—and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to manhood that tears blinded me when he said it. Of his last hours I have no heart to speak. He was the last of his race; there was no kindred hand to smooth his couch or wipe the death damps from his brow; but around that dying bed strong men, the friends of early manhood, the devoted adherents of latter life, bowed in irrepressible grief, and lifted up their voices and wept.

But, fellow-citizens, the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now shall speak for California?—who be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific coast? Who can appeal to the communities of the Atlantic who love free labor? Who can defy the blandishments of power, the indolence of office, the corruptions of administrations? What hopes are buried with him in the grave!

"Ah! who that gallant spirit shall resume, Leap from Eurotas' bank, and call us from the tomb?"

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of Death must be fulfilled. Thus O brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life no other voice among us rung its trumpet blast upon the ear of freedom, so in death its echoes will reverberate mid our mountains and valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

His love of truth—too warm, too strong. For Hope or Fear to chain or wring. His hate of tyranny and wrong. Bury in the breast he knitted still. Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell!

FUNERAL BANQUET.

It was an ancient custom to hold a banquet in honor of the illustrious dead. We notice that the Democrats in and about Fort Scott are endeavoring to modernize the custom. Thus runs the story according to our fanatical contemporary "up the river" yclept the Elwood Press:

That spicy sheet, the Fort Scott Democrat, tells us that a "banquet has been given to Gov. Medary." Well, he needs it.

"Geo. A. Crawford, Esq., presided, Gov. Medary on his right, and the talented son-in-law of the Governor, Hon. C. W. Blair, on his left hand." This is certainly pleasant, and promises well for the evening. "A seat had been prepared (the kind is not mentioned) for Hon. A. Greenwood, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, whose arrival was hourly expected." The presiding officer announced that their sick and absent friend, Gov. Ransom, (it is melancholy to learn that Fastidious is sick) had sent in a toast. Here it is:

"Our invited Guest, Gov. Medary, distinguished alike for the high qualities of his head and his heart."

Epap, &c., must be very bilious if this stale toast is the best thing he can do for the Pembina Frauds. "The glasses were soon filled and sooner emptied." That's getting rough on the ardent spirits. The party got drunk, of course, and thus we leave Gov. Medary, glad that he is making the most of his time and spending his last days in Kansas like all his predecessors.

EXTREMELY SATISFACTORY.—The following explanation of the origin of the Aurora Borealis, given by a scientific gentleman of this vicinity, not Prof. Capen, is perfectly luminous:

When the melofogistic temperature of the horizon is such as to calorize the impurulent indentation of the hemispheric anomaly, the cohesion of the borax curbitus becomes surcharged with infinitesimals, which are thereby deprived of their fissural disquisitions. This effected, a rapid change is produced in the thorambumpster of the gastriscian palerium, which causes a convulsional in the hexagonal antipathies of the terrestrium aqua verusli. The clouds then become a mass of deodorized specular of ceromercal light, which can only be seen when it is visible.

LONG EVENINGS.—Long evenings again! Are they not a blessing, dear reader? Do they not make homelife as attractive? Is not the family group, gathered in a semicircle round the glowing fire, chatting or working while one reads the newspaper aloud, a spectacle to move even the flinty heart of the pertinacious old bachelor who strays into the snug home circle? That great institution, the family, is never fully developed except in those long evenings when the severe weather brings its members into close communion; when the long, cold evenings gather together the various little communities, strengthening the bonds of affection, promoting mutual good offices, and performing a large share in the work of civilization. A blessing on long evenings!

The bears are committing such ravages in the wild parts of Wisconsin that the settlers are flying from their homes. The newspapers declare that the animals no longer confine their visits to farmers' pig pens, but boldly approach their dwellings and apply for admittance at kitchen doors and bedroom windows. The Manitowish Tribune thinks that the theory that they have been driven from the north, by scarcity of food, into the settlements, is a plausible one. Long-continued drouth and extensive fires have prevented the usual supply of mast.

LADY FRANKLIN.

We clip the following just tribute to Lady Franklin from the Press and Tribune:

"It is the glory of the gentler sex, that to one of their number, we are indebted for the noblest manifestation of the chivalric spirit that the world has ever seen. And it is the glory of the loving spirit with which woman is animated—a spirit that age cannot dim, and that sorrow cannot quench—that she, who has given us such proofs of her chivalric devotion, is in the serene and yellow leaf. She has outlived the age of romance, and has become an actor in the world's realities; but she has carried a maiden's devotion into the era of wrinkles and gray hairs; and has demonstrated that, in this sudden age, to her kind are entrusted the guardianship of those virtues which make life worth living, and death worth fearing."

"No knight of the chivalric ages has displayed heroic traits which she lacks. We rejoice that, in the sacrifice of her ample fortune, in the exertion which she has made at home and abroad, and in the four weary voyages undertaken at her expense, and in the many others blessed by her prayers, she has solved the problem on which she was engaged. What she has won, the world knows—the record of her noble husband's suffering and death, and the knowledge of his burial place. It is a poor reward for heroism and devotion like hers; but the world, ennobled by her sex, glorified by her loving unselfishness have the reward of her years of tears and toil. The lesson will not be lost. As long as voyages of adventure and discovery are made, as long as woman's love is prized by man, Lady Franklin and her example will be remembered."

THE BALLOONISTS.

La Mountain and Haddock, the balloonists who ascended from Watertown, N. Y., about ten days ago, and who were given up as lost, landed about one hundred and fifty miles north of Ottawa, in the great Canadian wilderness, at a point about fifty miles west of Lake St. John, the head of the Saguenay river, and about midway between St. Lawrence river and James' bay. The place is about three hundred miles north of Watertown, so that they must have had a northerly current. This disproves the story of the balloon having been seen fifty miles south-east of Watertown, over St. Lawrence county, unless the current suddenly changed. La Mountain telegraphed that he has lost everything. They were four days without food, and without the means of making a fire. They were fortunately discovered by Mr. Cameron, who was looking for timber, probably along the head-waters of the Gatineau river. Indian guides were found, who brought them down to Ottawa in bark canoes. They were less than five hours in the air, and must have landed about ten o'clock at night, having traveled at the rate of a mile a minute; the balloon being from four to five miles from the earth. This extraordinary voyage due north strikes a hard blow at the favorite theory of a steady easterly current in the upper strata of the atmosphere. Ten hours further travel in their direction would have brought them to the point where Sir John Franklin is supposed to have perished.

At Cleveland, on Monday, while a number of workmen were hoisting a barrel of linseed oil to place on board a vessel, something in the tackle gave way, letting the barrel fall fair and square on the head of a darkey who was in the hold. All supposed he was killed, but he escaped with a few slight cuts and a scar. His head proved too hard for the vessel, knocking both ends out, and so completely enveloping him that it had to be knocked to pieces to release him. While the wounds on his cranium were being dressed he remarked, "Gor-a-mighty, guess dis'er darkey don't want any more ole on his har." So little was he damaged by the blow that the fellow went to work again the same day.

DEATH OF MINISTER MASON.—The telegraph briefly states that the Hon. John Y. Mason, U. S. Minister at the Court of France, died of apoplexy on the 3d inst.

Mr. Mason has occupied his present position about six years, having been appointed by President Pierce in 1853. A native of Virginia, the Congressional and other offices awarded to him by that State were the consequence of his family influence, rather than of any extraordinary talent, and political expediency was the occasion of his selection for the office which he held at the time of his death. It is not a high compliment to say that he was about equal to the average of American Ministers.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier gives this notice of "Peter Parley":

"I saw the venerable Peter Parley Goodrich in Wall street to-day, leaning on the arm of his son, 'Dick Tinto' Goodrich. The old man is fading and falling fast. He wore his spectacles, and had a handkerchief around his throat. His step was unsteady, and I was satisfied that the popular author who had delighted so many hearts and homes, and given to the schools so many pleasant and useful books, cannot long remain among us. It is very rarely, now-a-days, that the old man leaves his quiet home in Connecticut to make a visit to New York."

A LUDICROUS ACCIDENT ON A RAILROAD.—The Portland Argus says:

An amusing story is told of a railroad accident which had none of the customary horrors, and will therefore do to laugh at. One night last week a freight and cattle train of the Portsmouth, Seacoast & Portland R.R. left Portland, and after having run some 18 or 20 miles, the engineer discovered that he had lost part of his train, and that part, too, that contained the conductor, drivers and passengers. Immediately an engine was sent back in search of the missing cars, and we believe that finally they were found in the depot of Portland, from whence they had not been taken.

A newly imported "Help," after being established in a Fifth avenue (New York) palace as maid-of-all-work, was seen shortly after with a pail full of slops from the kitchen carefully exploring the music-room, the library, the boudoir, the drawing-room, and other places, as if in search of something which she could not possibly discover. At last, meeting with the lady of the house, she inquired seriously, "If you please, mistress, where's the pig?"

POETS seldom make good astronomers. They so love women, they cannot see the other heavenly bodies.